

Dear Diary

by AliceFray

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Summary: This is my first Hijack fanfic, first Diaryfic and also my first crossover so yeah, beware. lol. This is a Modern AU in which, Hiccup gets sick, Jack is useless, and there is plenty of snow.

Dear Diary

A/N: So I kind of got into the Hijack shipping a couple days ago. I really like it and figure why not try to make a fic with these two. Enjoy.

Dear Diary,

I hate Vineland. I swear it is the coldest place on Earth. You have to wear like seven layers of clothing in the winter just to go to the mailbox. I'm serious. We've been featured on the news for having the longest and harshest winters in New Jersey; which sounds awesome I know because of the snow days and no school but it sucks after awhile. I assure you.

It doesn't help that my boyfriend Jack, who was aptly given the last name Frost, like the poet, hails from San Francisco and loves to complain about San Fran not being as beautiful as Vineland because of the lack of snow... I don't get it either Diary. But that's Jack; he's a little weird. He loves the snow and cold weather. I've actually caught him many times just standing outside, basking in the glory that is the cold.

Which brings me to why I am here, lying in bed with the flu, hating the world and its inhabitants, Jack Frost. It seems as if my plan to physically drag Jack inside every time his obsession with snow nearly got him frostbite (which happens a lot because Jack refuses to wear anything thicker than his hoodie, like I said he's a little weird) had backfired.

And instead of Peter Pan-brain getting the flu because of his escapades, the tables turned and I caught it in his place, missing school, which Jack considers lucky because he's doomed to go like every other normal kid today, and having to do nothing else but stay cooped up in my room.

What sucks the most is I can't go and work on my Night Fury LX or Toothless as I like to call him (because I refuse put one of those popular fang stickers on his front end, they look ridiculous) because of this.

But at least I get to christen you today instead of putting it off like usual to draw more outlines of toothless in my scrapbook. Dad would be proud.

But seriously, you would like Toothless. He's the motorcycle I rescued from the junkyard a few months ago. He was a regular fixer upper, but I am proud to say that thanks to me, he looks as good as new.

My dad can never find out about him though, because Police Chief Steven 'Stoick' Haddock detests nothing more than motorcycles and their cyclists or 'organ donors' as they are called in this town. I mean, I understand where he's coming from. Motorcycles are dangerous and reckless, especially the Night Fury, an all black, sleek lean mean riding machine. But I could never give him up, because I never feel safer being me than when I'm riding on Toothless.

Besides, Jack doesn't mind. He likes to see me happy and thinks it's cool I can ride something as fast as Toothless and faster than his skateboard. And really as long as I am wearing the proper gear and remember to hide my face, who can complain?

Moreover, the only reason Jack even knows about Toothless is because he was spying on me one day, back when we barely knew each other. His excuse? The Police Chief's son with the freckles and emerald green eyes was just too perfect not to spy on discreetly. Which was such a ridiculous thing to say that I actually owed it to society to punch him in the arm. I even told him that my dad, who was the main reason we even met because Jack had to hang out with him for career day and they clicked, who praises Jack like the son he always wanted and hopes will become a Police Officer too some day, would not be proud to know he has stalker tendencies.

To my surprise, Jack laughed. "I can't help it gorgeous. You pulled me in." And despite my obvious blush, I pursed my lips and tried to walk away from this psycho.

He had grabbed my arm, gently and told me he wouldn't tell anyone about Toothless if I went out with him. I don't have to tell you what happened afterwards.

In fact, now that I think about it, I should keep you far from Jack. If this fell into the wrong hands, there's no telling what horrors would be unleashed onto the world. And after two years of dating, I know that Jack is the wrong hands.

Odin knows how I'm even finding the strength to write right now. My body aches in places I hadn't even known existed, my nose is continuously running and my head feels like jelly. And what's worse?

Jack isn't here for me to take this out on. No, he's at school, living it up with Astrid and Sanderson or "Sandy" as we call him, having the time of his life, shirking responsibility and charming the teachers into giving him less homework. And I'll never admit it, and will probably burn you before he ever finds out, but I actually miss icicles for brains. Even though he got me into this mess, I refuse to blame my immune system for this; Haddock men are as healthy as horses. I still miss him.

His ridiculous frost white hair that is always just right, his baby blue eyes, and that stupid cocky grin, that I secretly dedicate entire pages to in my scrapbook, not to forget those perfectly framed cheekbones that would put Adonis to shame, causing me to always berate myself because I can never do them justice.

Even now as I write about his face in my flu-induced state, I find myself epically failing to perfectly describe the jovial look in his eyes, the way they light up like a child on Christmas or the fluid grace of his body when he swaggers into a room. Diary, it could take me a thousand lifetimes to practice his moves and yet I would still look clumsy and awkward.

And even then Jack seems so proud of me, like he's so lucky that I stumbled into his life. I can't imagine why, I mean I pretty much insult him all the time, albeit unintentionally, not to mention that one time I accidentally started that food fight in the cafeteria by tripping and spilling my plate on some kid and getting Jack and I both sent to detention. He was actually amused and kept going on about not being the only troublemaker in this relationship.

But there's a catch; his not-so-shy about PDAing thing. I swear he kisses me on purpose when we're around people so I can wail and blush furiously at him. An act that he considers and I quote, "adorable".

I'll admit it, I will never exactly strike fear into the hearts of men like my father, but I Hermond "Hiccup" Haddock the Third, (my dad thought the nickname would be funny) is not, will not, and cannot in any way, shape or form be considered "adorable". The Haddock men are simply not like that. Seriously, that imp doesn't know what he's talking about.

You know instead of writing about why I'm not cute, I should be plotting my revenge. Starting with demanding we go to the beach every day in summer so he can sweat like a Popsicle. Of course, going to the beach would require me to show some skin and reveal to the world my awesome Viking body, all pale freckled chest and gangly limbs of it while Jack seethes with jealousy over his Greek God sculpted one and curse himself for not being as lucky as me. But it's a sacrifice I am going to have to make if I want my perverted boyfriend to suffer as much as I have to.

Ha, that will show him. *Devious smile* Great, someone's just texted me. Give me a sec diary. Okay that was Astrid she says to get better and that I should text Jack. Since it's lunch time I think I will. Time to totally exaggerate my illness so he can feel guilty.

Uh oh, Diary he's here, throwing rocks at m window. I'm going to hide you now.

Sorry about that Diary. I had to let him in. But he's downstairs now, making me chicken soup and I'm worried he's going to kill an actual chicken than open one of the in-plain-sight Campbell's cans in the cupboard. Why? Because he's Jack and I seriously doubt he knows how to cook anything that doesn't require a microwave. Unfortunately for the chicken, I don't have the strength to go and look so I apologize in advance.

And don't think I condone such violence or his blatant disregard of the school rules to play hookey. I did yell at him for sneaking out to come see me. Because despite how sweet it is, that doesn't make it any less absurd. Especially since he isn't the least bit concerned with catching my flu than he is with me feeling better. However I found it hard, to protest the endless cuddles and kisses he gave me when I let him in.

Though Jack's skin feels like ice, he is a really good cuddler and I felt no shame when I clung to him longer than usual today.

So Diary, I guess what I'm trying to say is although Jackson Overland Frost is the bane of my existence and the cause of most of my woes, I really don't know where or what I'd be without him. I love him. I'm serious I will burn you if he ever tries to read you. And now parting is such sweet sorrow but I hear the banging of pots and pans and that means I have to stop my ridiculous, mischievous boyfriend before he sets the house on fire. So as awkward as closings get: until next time! â€"Hiccup

Okay, that wasn't too bad. I actually felt like writing a diaryfic and figured Hiccup's perspective would be fun. It was I hope I did him justice. :)

End
file.